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FITS OF THRIFT.

NOTHING is more common in the middle ranks of life than to find housewives taking what may be called *fits of thrift*. Though sensible women in their way, excellent advisers and charming gossips, and though by no means spenders on a great scale, they have no enduring principle of economy, but are only frugal by fits and starts. They take qualms of thriftiness now and then—sometimes from reading a string of plausible receipts for cookery on a cheap scale, or from being struck with the excellent arrangements in the household of a friend, who tells her, that, by managing in such and such a manner, salting all her own beef, and making all her own preserves, she has, one way and another, saved a good deal of money, which is really a thing of some consequence in these bad times, when so little is coming in. This chronic frugality is common to single ladies, under, as well as above one-and-twenty, and to married ladies with large families. The fits have different tendencies, although the prevailing symptoms are the same. Occasionally the furor seizes one single young lady in a family of sisters; and I have seen that it comes on most commonly in the spring. In such cases the disease perhaps takes the direction of butter and eggs. Some day about the month of April or May, and when breakfast is on the table, the young lady begins to make observations on the exceeding rancidity of the butter. I declare for my part, says she, we have been poisoned for the last six months with that stuff that we get from the woman who keeps the little shop in the area on the opposite side of the street. You know it was only out of pity to her when her husband was burnt to death at the distillery, that we said that we would take some small things from her; but you see she does not keep wholesome articles, and really, in my opinion, it is high time we were looking about for something we can trust to. With this sort of discourse the young notable opens the plan of her campaign. She says she is resolved to rise every morning at seven, and go with a basket herself to the market. The mornings, she says, are now greatly lengthened out, and, besides saving a penny a pound on the butter, and getting a better article, she is confident the walk will prove of great benefit to her health. It may always be observed that the husband, father, or elder brother of the notable, never makes any objections when such schemes of saving are propounded. They know intuitively that the whole is a delusion, which will work itself off in a week or two; that the same disease has visited the family once every year about the same period ever since they can recollect, and that it will now, as formerly, only furnish a little harmless temporary excitement in the house. Armed with a negative approval from these relations, together with a pound note, the young notable starts next Saturday morning between seven and eight o'clock, and after taking half an hour to array herself in an undress, studiously selecting for the occasion a shabbyish shawl, and a pair of shoes that she puts on only on "bad days," also a straw bonnet faded both in the material and in the ribbon, she sallies forth with her basket to the market. With what an air of knowingness she goes from cart to cart, examining, and tasting, and smelling their contents! How she tries to elicit, by cross-questioning the man in the sky-blue coat, or the blowsy girl in the dimity head-gear, sitting amidst their savoury boxes with leather hinges, every particular in the history of the butter; where and when it was made, and why it happens to be up this morning, and so forth. How she wanders amidst the egg women, holding up the eggs between her and the light, asking if they be sure they are not Orkney

eggs, and what their probable age may be? What with toiling up and down the market for three quarters of an hour, and beating down the prices in a most exemplary manner, she at last accomplishes her purchases, and brings home her cargo of native produce. When you come down to breakfast, you will be at once reminded of what has been going on, by the air of superiority and triumph assumed by Miss Notable. She thinks that by rising an hour sooner than any body else, and saving, as she thinks, the sum of two-pence, she has purchased the character of a thrifty personage, and, consequently, is entitled to look down upon the whole house. There is no end to her account of how she managed to find out the best butter in the cart, and how she higgled the man out of a halfpenny in the pound. When she places a slice of this extraordinary butter before you, she takes care to show you how fresh the colour is, and waits with impatience to hear your expected, and not to be dispensed with, praise of its taste. The butter she has bought is, in fact, her pet for the whole week. She considers it as *her* butter: and if any visitor alight it, by not paying it the necessary compliments, he is of course not indebted to her for any future invitation to the house.

A fit of thrift of this nature lasts generally three or four weeks, seldom more. I have seen it continue a fortnight in tolerable strength; it then declines, and wears off towards the fourth Saturday. The decline of this household disease is as amusing in its way as its increase. The young lady begins to find, that, so far from improving her health or strength by such morning exercise, she only "makes herself out," and is unfit to do any thing else the whole day. And then it is, after all, only to save a few halfpence. She also finds that her purchases do not always turn well out, and that she cannot coax her father, or the rest of them, to be perpetual admirers of her butter and eggs. As a get-off, she commences a eulogy on her butter, which, she says, is sold by a man in Rose Street—a person who was once a farmer, but was reduced by misfortunes to open a small shop in the town, and sell dairy produce. This man, she says, is *experienced* in butter, and imports every week as much as will serve a dozen families. She has made interest with him through the servant to be counted one of his regular customers, and he will supply the family at all times exactly at the market price, not a farthing more. This new plan helps greatly as a solace to the conscience in abandoning her morning airings with her basket and dishabille; and so she gradually subsides into the ordinary routine of domestic arrangements.

The married notable is subject to fits of thrift in a greater or less degree about the months of October and November. Some day at dinner, when there happens to be rather a poorish leg of lamb on the table, and not much else, she opens her attack by saying, in a peevishly authoritative manner, that really the family has been long enough on fresh meat; that, for her part, the lamb that they have had so often does not agree with her, and that she would rather prefer a good salt herring. "Mrs Lockhart has just been telling me that the doctor has advised them to eat twice or thrice a-week a piece of salt meat—that is to say, a piece of beef newly powdered, just the fresh taste off it, and hardly having the appearance of the saltpetre at the bone; and I do think that we cannot do better than just follow such a sensible man's advice, and get two or three pieces next Wednesday for salting—you know it will be a great saving of money." The drift of all this is, that the husband shall forthwith exhibit on the table a couple of twenty shilling notes; but as he knows that these handy pieces of paper are sometimes not

very easily got, he perhaps tries to throw an obstacle or two in the way of the salting project, and, for instance, mentions that his wife has no convenience for curing beef. You observe, says he, it requires a tub, or something of that sort, and, besides, there is a great knack in curing the meat thoroughly; and if you do not take care, you will spoil the whole. As a matter of course, these or similar observations cannot hold good in the face of a wife under a fit of thrift. All you can say is borne down, and the money is at length consigned with a groan to the steel purse of the good lady, who, next day—for she is in the fidgets till her purpose is executed—sets out in her muff and shawl (the first time for the season) on an expedition, first to lay in her beef, and then to buy a sufficient and commodious *salting can*. Well, the *can*, that darling object of a notable's ambition, is purchased. The beef is salted; and the Goodman and his family are shortly put on salt meat, whether they like such fare or otherwise. The thrifty lady all this time takes care, on every occasion, to show off her beef as well worthy of being tasted by visitors; and the short and long of it is, that the said beef is eaten up in half the time it is expected to last; fresh meat begins to show itself more frequently at your table, and the fit is put aside till another opportunity occur of playing it off.

These are very ordinary instances of fits of thrift; but there are hundreds of the same description which I could mention. Sometimes the fit takes the direction of a new gown for going out with on bad days, to save others of a better sort; at another time it is "a house gown," as "really my best black silk one is absolutely getting wasted with having to go so often into the kitchen." Occasionally it is the hiring of two maid-servants, "so that the washings need not any longer be given out;" at other times it is the buying of a crumb-cloth, to save the carpet, or the purchasing of loads of old china and crockery at auctions. I have seen all the ladies in the house manifest this phrenzy by working their own lace, or painting pictures which had to be hung in dear gilded frames. Again, I have noticed it in great vigour in a family in town resolving to have a garden, so as to grow their own vegetables. It comes on very frequently in a desire to dye old ribbons, or feathers, or "dress" shawls; in which case the lady who is affected sets out on a voyage of discovery through all the obscure courts and alleys about the town, seeking for some old woman whom they have heard of as being "the best" at these processes of renovation. It may be remarked, that the fit visits the nation, like an epidemic, towards the end of July. Almost every house in the kingdom is then thrown into an uproar by the ladies, young and old, confederating to manufacture gooseberry jam or currant jelly. Such a requisition is there then in all quarters for "brass pans," and such a deal of money is spent in this popular confectionery! At the approach, and during the continuance of the epidemic, the husbands very wisely make no remonstrance, well knowing that such would be utterly thrown away. You know, my dear, would say the thrifty spouse, we shall require at least two dozen pints this season; for nothing is more useful in a house, in case of colds; and you will remember how much good a spoonful or two did little George last February, when we thought he was going to take the fever; indeed the doctor said it had been the very saving of his life. Nothing, of course, can withstand an appeal to such authority; so the money is disbursed for the purchase of the fruit and other materials, although the Goodman never can exactly see how some pounds' worth of jelly should be laid up in store, all for the sake of needing two teaspoonfuls.

Sometimes the family is so unfortunate as to get

an oven, and a particularly economical Miss undertakes to bake what is called family bread. A great saving is expected from this source; but it soon turns out that so much of the article is given away to friends, as a kind of curiosity, or to impress them with a sense of the economy practised in the house, that a great deal more is lost than gained by the novelty. In fact, it always turns out, as in the case of the Vicar of Wakefield and his thrice notable spouse, that these chronic economists are not observed to make their husbands any richer by their contrivances, so much is lost by the expense of the experiment, compared with what is gained by the short duration of the practice.

POPULAR INFORMATION ON LITERATURE.

SECOND ARTICLE.

Our first article under this title embraced the principal Poets now alive, but who have ceased to publish poetry: the present will run over a few of those who are still in active poetical life, or have more recently aspired to poetical honours.

Decidedly the first active poet of the age is FELICIA HEMANS, a married lady verging upon middle life, who first came into public notice about twelve or fourteen years ago. Mrs Hemans has not published any long or elaborate poem. Her efforts are chiefly confined to brief lyrical pieces, developing generally one particular train of sentiment. Her poems have almost all appeared in periodical works, chiefly the *New Monthly* and *Blackwood's Magazine*; and it is somewhat remarkable that, while a single piece invariably has a most delightful effect when read amidst the other details of such works, they never have made any impression when collected into a distinct volume. Her volumes, "Songs of the Affections," and "Records of Woman," are understood to have had a very limited circulation, partly owing, no doubt, to the difficulty of publishing a volume of poetry, but mostly to the diminished effect which the fair authoress produces when many of her productions are read at one sitting. Mrs Hemans is eminently the poet of the affections—the female affections especially; she is high priestess of the nobler emotions of woman's heart. It is in describing what woman has done and suffered on greatly trying occasions, that her harp gives forth its most thrilling tones. At the same time, whatever there is meek, whatever there is holy, whatever there is pure, whatever there is beautiful in ordinary domestic life, becomes in her hands more meek and holy, more beautiful and pure, and is committed in that state to her verses. Mrs Hemans resides, we believe, chiefly in London, and is very much respected in private life.

JAMES HOGG is another of the active poets of the age, and perhaps the most wonderful of them all. Born in the cottage of a shepherd, in one of the most rude and sequestered parts of Scotland, he received hardly any education till his twentieth year. The whole of his early life was spent in the condition of a shepherd, amidst his native mountains; and if it had not been perhaps for the legendary poetry which was occasionally recited to him by his mother, his mind might have never received the impulse of song. At the beginning of the present century, when about thirty years of age, he was discovered by Sir Walter Scott, who was then collecting the materials of his *Border Minstrelsy*, and to whom he was pointed out as a young man who knew many old ballads. In the course of a few years he was gradually led from his solitude into the bustle of the capital, where he published a few volumes of his poetical compositions, without, however, meeting with great success. At length, in the year 1813, appeared his greatest work, the *Queen's Wake*; a series of poems in the ballad style, strung into a narrative of a singularly captivating nature. This volume established Mr Hogg's reputation upon an imperishable basis. As a whole, and in its parts, it was alike felicitous, novel, and beautiful. In one of the ballads, styled "Kilmenny," an entirely new string, one of wild and melancholy grace, seemed added to the Scottish lyre. In the latter part of his literary history, Mr Hogg has not been so successful; but no failures in poetry or prose will ever cloud the lustre of that meritorious effort. It is the ambition of Mr Hogg to rival the fame of Burns; but there is no earthly reason why he should ever match his strength against that illustrious man, except the mere accident of his having been also born a Scottish peasant. The poetry of Mr Hogg is as original in its own way as that of Burns; and he therefore ought to endeavour rather to avoid than to court comparison with his predecessor. There is only one feature in which we should like to see him imitate the *Ayrshire Bard*—namely, that self-respect, which, amidst every external contamination, preserved even for the poor exciseman an essential personal dignity, and was alike effectual in repelling the familiarity of the mean, and the more intolerable patronage of those who affect to be exalted.

Mr Hogg has, in later life, attempted the profession of a store-farmer in his native valleys; but, not having met with success, he now resides upon a small farm, which has been generously gifted to him for life by the great territorial lord upon whose property he was born—the Duke of Buccleuch. He has just commenced a republication of his prose tales in a series of cheap volumes; and when we reflect upon the amusing nature of these stories, disfigured though they be by numberless instances of false taste, and the most glaring improbability, we cannot entertain any doubt of their renewed popularity. In the autobiography which he has prefixed to this series, he makes a confession of his feelings almost as unreserved as that of Rousseau; and among other traits of character, mentions that he delights in nothing so much as to write about himself. This is a curious acknowledgment; but if other poets were equally unconcerned about personal respect, we might see it oftener made. The truth is, vanity and egotism are at the bot-

tom of most literary exertions, and modesty is only another word for indolence. The most of literary characters, if dissected, would be found to exhibit an intense self-appreciation, side by side with the loftiest and most extended powers of reflection; and, were it otherwise, the faculties useful to mankind would in general be lost. Mental power, indeed, appears as if it often required to be set in a rather inferior character, in order to be developed—as the pearl is only found in the shell of the diseased fish. But this is a subject which would require to be treated by itself.

The present age cannot boast of many other poetical names of distinguished merit. Miss LONDON, perhaps better known by her initials L. E. L., a young lady of the metropolis, has published four volumes of poetry, respectively entitled the *Improvisatrice*, the *Troubadour*, the *Golden Violet*, and the *Venetian Bracelet*. Besides these, she has been a large contributor to the periodicals of the day, especially the *Literary Gazette*, in which, indeed, her powers were first developed. Miss London's poetry is of an amorous and chivalric cast, replete with the tenderest sentiment and the most romantic association; but perhaps too often expressed in a melancholy or despairing tone. Next may be mentioned Mr BAYLEY, author of many modern popular songs, an imitator of Moore, without his perpetual glitter, but with a great deal of more genuine sentiment. There is a whole herd of lesser lights, whom we must leave to struggle a little farther forward before we advert to their efforts.

TRADITIONAL STORY OF ANNANDALE.

The predatory incursions of the Scots and English borderers, on each other's territories, are known to every one in the least acquainted with either the written or traditional history of his country. These were sometimes made by armed and numerous bodies, and it was not uncommon for a band of marauders to take the advantage of a thick fog or a dark night for plundering or driving away the cattle, with which they soon escaped over the border, where they were generally secure. These incursions were so frequent and distressing to the peaceable and well-disposed inhabitants, that they complained loudly to their respective governments; in consequence of which some one of the powerful nobles residing on the borders was invested with authority to suppress these depredations, under the title of *Warden of the Marches*. His duty was to protect the frontier, and alarm the country by firing the beacons which were placed on the heights, where they could be seen at a great distance, as a warning to the people to drive away their cattle, and, collecting in a body, either to repel or pursue the invaders, as circumstances might require. The Wardens also possessed a discretionary power in such matters as came under their jurisdiction. The proper discharge of this important trust required vigilance, courage, and fidelity; but it was sometimes committed to improper hands, and consequently the duty was very improperly performed.

In the reign of James V. one of these wardens was Sir John Charteris of Annisfield, near Dumfries, a brave but haughty man, who sometimes forgot his important trust so far as to sacrifice his public duties to his private interests.

George Maxwell was a young and respectable farmer in Annandale, who had frequently been active in repressing the petty incursions to which that quarter of the country was exposed. Having thereby rendered himself particularly obnoxious to the English borderers, a strong party was formed, which succeeded in despoiling him, by plundering his house and driving away his whole live stock. At the head of a large party, he pursued and overtook "the spoil-encumbered foe;" a fierce and bloody contest ensued, in which George fell the victim of a former feud, leaving his widow, Marion, in poverty, with her son Wallace, an only child, in the tenth year of his age. By the liberality of her neighbours, the widow was replaced in a small farm; but by subsequent incursions, she was reduced to such poverty that she occupied a small cottage, with a cow, which the kindness of a neighbouring farmer permitted to pasture on his fields. This, with the industry and filial affection of her son, now in his twentieth year, enabled her to live with a degree of comfort and contented resignation.

With a manly and athletic form, Wallace Maxwell inherited the courage of his father, and the patriotic ardour of the chieftain after whom he had been named; and Wallace had been heard to declare, that although he could not expect to free his country from the incursions of the English borderers, he trusted he should yet be able to take ample vengeance for the untimely death of his father.

Although his own private wrongs and those of his country had a powerful influence on the mind of Wallace Maxwell, his heart was susceptible of a far loftier passion.

His fine manly form and graceful air had attractions for many a rural fair; and he would have found no difficulty in matching with youthful beauty, considerably above his own humble station. But his affections were fixed on Mary Morrison, a maiden as poor in worldly wealth as himself; but nature had been more than usually indulgent to her in a handsome person and fine features; and, what was of infinitely more value, her heart was imbued with virtuous principles, and her mind better cultivated than could have been expected from her station in life; to these accomplishments were superadded a native dignity, tempered with modesty, and a most winning sweetness of manner. Mary was the daughter of a man who had seen better days; but he was ruined by the incursions of the English borderers; and both he and her mother dying soon after, Mary was left a helpless orphan in the twentieth year of her age. Her beauty procured her many admirers; and her unprotected state, for she had no relations in Annandale, left her exposed to the insidious temptations of unprincipled villany; but they soon discovered that neither flattery, bribes, nor

the fairest promises, had the slightest influence on her spotless mind. There were many, however, who sincerely loved her, and made most honourable proposals; among whom was Wallace Maxwell, perhaps the poorest of her admirers, but who succeeded in gaining her esteem and affection. Mary and he were fellow servants to the farmer from whom his mother had her cottage; and on account of the troublesome state of the country, Wallace slept every night in his mother's house as her guardian and protector. Mary and he were about the same age, both in the bloom of youthful beauty; but both had discrimination to look beyond external attractions; and although they might be said to live in the light of each other's eyes, reason convinced them that the time was yet distant when it would be prudent to consummate that union which was the dearest object of their wishes.

A foray had been made by the English, in which their leader, the son of a rich borderer, had been made prisoner, and a heavy ransom paid to Sir John, the warden, for his release. This the avaricious warden considered a perquisite of his office; and it accordingly went to his private pocket. Soon after this, the party who had resolved on ruining Wallace Maxwell for his threats of vengeance, took the advantage of a thick fog during the day, succeeded by a dark night, in making an incursion on Annandale, principally for the purpose of capturing the young man. By stratagem they effected their purpose; and the widow's cow and Wallace her son were both carried off as part of the spoil. The youth's life might have been in considerable danger, had his capture not been discovered by the man who had recently paid a high ransom for his own son, and he now took instant possession of Wallace, resolving that he should be kept a close prisoner till ransomed by a sum equal to that paid to the warden.

It would be difficult, if not impossible, to say whether the grief of Widow Maxwell for her son, or that of Mary Morrison for her lover, was greatest. But early in the ensuing morning the widow repaired to Annisfield, related the circumstance to Sir John, with tears beseeching him, as the plunderers were not yet far distant, to dispatch his forces after them, and rescue her son, with the property of which she had been despoiled, for they had carried off every thing, even to her bed-clothes.

Wallace Maxwell had some time before incurred the warden's displeasure, whose mind was not generous enough either to forget or forgive. He treated Marion with an indifference approaching almost to contempt, by telling her that it would be exceedingly improper to alarm the country about such a trivial incident, to which every person in that quarter was exposed; and although she knelt to him, he refused to comply with her request, and proudly turned away.

With a heavy and an aching heart, the widow called on Mary Morrison on her way home to her desolate dwelling, relating the failure of her application, and uttering direful lamentations for the loss of her son—all of which were echoed by the no less desponding maiden.

In the anguish of her distress, Mary formed the resolution of waiting on the warden, and again urging the petition which had already been so rudely rejected. Almost frantic, she hastened to the castle, demanding to see Sir John. Her person was known to the porter, and he was also now acquainted with the cause of her present distress; she therefore found a ready admission. Always beautiful, the wildness of her air, the liquid fire which beamed in her eyes, from which tears streamed over her glowing cheeks, and the perturbation which heaved her swelling bosom, rendered her an object of more than ordinary interest in the sight of the warden. She fell at his feet and attempted to tell her melancholy tale; but convulsive sobs stifled her utterance. He then took her unresisting hand, raised her up, led her to a seat, and bade her compose herself before she attempted to speak.

With a faltering tongue, and eyes which, like the lightning of heaven, seemed capable of penetrating a heart of adamant, and in all the energy and pathos of impassioned grief, she told her tale—implored the warden, if he ever regarded his mother, or if capable of feeling for the anguish of a woman, to have pity on them, and instantly exert himself to restore the most dutiful of sons, and the most faithful of lovers, to his humble petitioners, whose gratitude should cease only with their lives.

"You are probably not aware," said he, in a kindly tone, "of the difficulty of gratifying your wishes. Wallace Maxwell has rendered himself the object of vengeance to the English borderers; and, before now, he must be in captivity so secure, that any measure to rescue him by force of arms would be unavailing. But, for your sake, I will adopt the only means which can restore him—namely, to purchase his ransom by gold. But you are aware that it must be high; and I trust your gratitude will be in proportion."

"Every thing in our power shall be done to evince our gratitude," replied the delighted Mary; a more animated glow suffusing her cheek, and her eyes beaming with a brighter lustre—"Heaven reward you."

"To wait for my reward from heaven, would be to give credit to one who can make ready payment," replied the warden. "You, lovely Mary, have it in your power to make me a return, which will render me your debtor, without in any degree impoverishing yourself!"—and he paused—afraid or ashamed to speak the purpose of his heart. Such is the power which virgin beauty and innocence can exert on the most depraved inclinations.

Although alarmed, and suspecting his base design, such was the rectitude of Mary's guiltless heart, that she could not believe the warden in earnest; and starting from his proffered embrace, she with crimson blushes replied—"I am sure, sir, your heart could never permit you so far to insult a hapless maiden; you have spoken to try my affection for Wallace Maxwell; let me therefore again implore you to take such measures as you may think best for obtaining his release;" and a fresh flood of tears flowed in torrents from her eyes,

she gazed wistfully in his face, with a look so imploringly tender, that it might have moved the heart of a demon.

With many flattering blandishments, and much artificial sophistry, he endeavoured to win her to his purpose; but perceiving that his attempts were unavailing, he concluded thus—"All that I have promised I am ready to perform; but I swear by heaven, that unless you grant me the favour which I have so humbly solicited, Wallace Maxwell may perish in a dungeon, or by the hand of his enemies; for he shall never be rescued by me. Think, then, in time, before you leave me; and for his sake, and your own future happiness, do not foolishly destroy it for ever."

With her eyes flashing indignant fire, and her bosom throbbing with the anguish of insulted virtue, she flung herself from his hateful embrace, and, rushing from his presence, with a sorrowful and almost bursting heart, left the castle.

Widow Maxwell had a mind not easily depressed; and although in great affliction for her son, did not despair of his release. She was ignorant of Mary's application to the warden, and had been revolving in her mind the propriety of seeking an audience of the king, and detailing her wrongs, both at the hands of the English marauders and Sir John. She was brooding on this, when Mary entered her cottage, and, in the agony of despairing love and insulted honour, related the reception she had met from the warden. The relation confirmed the widow's half-formed resolution, and steered her heart to its purpose. After they had responded each other's sighs, and mingled tears together, the old woman proposed waiting on her friend the farmer, declaring her intentions, and, if he approved of them, soliciting his permission for Mary to accompany her.

The warden's indolent neglect of duty was a subject of general complaint; the farmer, therefore, highly approved of the widow's proposal, believing that it would not only procure her redress, but might be of advantage to the country. He urged their speedy and secret departure, requesting that whatever answer they received might not be divulged till the final result was seen; and next morning, at early dawn, the widow and Mary took their departure for Stirling. King James was easy of access to the meanest of his subjects; and the pair had little difficulty in obtaining admission to the royal presence. Widow Maxwell had in youth been a beautiful woman, and, although her early bloom had passed, might still have been termed a comely and attractive matron, although in the autumn of life. In a word, her face was still such as would have recommended her suit to the King, whose heart was at all times feelingly alive to the attraction of female beauty. But on the present occasion, although she was the petitioner, the auxiliary whom she had brought, although silent, was infinitely the most powerful pleader; for Mary might be said to resemble the half-blown rose in early summer, when its glowing leaves are wet with the dews of morning. James was so struck with their appearance, that, before they had spoken, he secretly wished that their petitions might be such as he could with justice and honour grant, for he already felt that it would be impossible to refuse them.

Although struck with awe on coming into the presence of their sovereign, the easy condescension and affability of James soon restored them to comparative tranquillity; and the widow told her "plain, unvarnished tale" with such artless simplicity and moving pathos, as would have made an impression on a less partial auditor than his Majesty. When she came to state the result of Mary's application to Sir John, she paused, blushed, and still remained silent. James instantly conjectured the cause, which was confirmed when he saw Mary's face crimsoned all over.

Suppressing his indignation, "Well, I shall be soon in Annandale," said he, "and will endeavour to do you justice. Look at this nobleman (pointing to one in the chamber); when I send him for you, come to me where he shall guide. In the mean time, he will find you safe lodgings for the night, and give you sufficient to bear your expenses home, whither I wish you to return as soon as possible, and be assured that your case shall not be forgotten."

It is generally known that James, with a love of justice, had a considerable share of eccentricity in his character, and that he frequently went over the country in various disguises—such as a pedlar, an itinerant musician, or even a wandering beggar. These disguises were sometimes assumed for the purpose of discovering the abuses practised by his servants, and not unfrequently from the love of frolic, and, like the Caliph in the Arabian Tales, in quest of amusement. On these occasions, when he chose to discover himself, it was always by the designation of the *Gudeman of Ballengeich*. He had a private passage by which he could leave the palace, unseen by any one, and he could make his retreat alone, or accompanied by a disguised attendant, according to his inclination.

On the present occasion he determined to visit the Warden of the March *incog.*; and, making the necessary arrangements, he soon arrived in Annandale. His inquiries concerning the widow and Mary corroborated the opinion he had previously formed, and learning where Mary resided, he resolved to repair thither in person, disguised as a mendicant. On approaching the farmer's he had to pass a rivulet, at which there was a girl washing linen, and a little observation convinced him it was Mary Morrison. When near, he pretended to be taken suddenly ill, and sat down on a knoll, groaning piteously. Mary came instantly to him, tenderly inquiring what ailed him, and whether she could render him any assistance. James replied it was a painful distemper, by which he was frequently attacked; but if she could procure him a draught of warm milk, that and an hour's rest would relieve him. Mary kindly said, if he could with her assistance walk to the farm, which she pointed out near by, he would be kindly cared for. She assisted him to rise, and, taking his arm, permitted him to lean upon her shoulder, as they crept slowly along. He met

much sympathy in the family, and there he heard the history of Mary and Wallace Maxwell (not without execrations on the warden for his indolence), and their affirmations that they were sure, if the King knew how he neglected his duty, he would either be dismissed or severely punished: although the former had spoken plainer than others whom James had conversed with, he found that Sir John was generally disliked, and he became impatient for the hour of retribution.

Marching back towards Dumfries, James rendezvoused for the night in a small village called Duncow, in the parish of Kirkmahoe, and next morning he set out for Amisfield, which lay in the neighbourhood, disguised as a beggar. Part of his retinue he left in Duncow, and part he ordered to lie in wait in a ravine near Amisfield till he should require their attendance. Having cast away his beggar's cloak, he appeared at the gate of the warden's castle in the dress of a plain countryman, and requested the porter to procure him an immediate audience of Sir John. But he was answered that the warden had just sat down to dinner, during which it was a standing order that he should never be disturbed, on any pretence whatever.

"And how long will he sit?" said James.

"Two hours, perhaps three; he must not be intruded on till his bell ring," replied the porter.

"I am a stranger, and cannot wait so long; take this silver groat, and go to your master, and say that I wish to see him on business of importance, and will detain him only a few minutes."

The porter delivered the message, and soon returned, saying, "Sir John says that however important your business may be, you must wait his time, or go the way you came."

"That is very hard—there are other two groats; go again, and say that I have come from the Border, where I saw the English preparing for an incursion, and have posted thither with the information; and that I think he will be neglecting his duty if he do not immediately fire the beacons and alarm the country."

This message was also carried, and the porter returned with a sorrowful look, and shaking his head.

"Well, does the warden consent to see me?" said the anxious stranger, who had gained the porter's good will by his liberality.

"I beg your pardon, friend," replied the menial, "but I must deliver Sir John's answer in his own words: he says if you choose to wait two hours he will then see whether you are a knave or a fool; but if you send another such impertinent message to him, both you and I shall have cause to repent it. However, for your civility, come with me, and I will find you something to eat, and a horn of good ale to put off the time till Sir John can be seen."

"I give you hearty thanks, my good fellow; but, as I said, I cannot wait. Here, take these three groats; go again to the warden, and say that the *Gudeman of Ballengeich* insists upon seeing him immediately."

No sooner was the porter's back turned than James wound his bugle-horn so loudly, that its echoes seemed to shake the castle walls; and the porter found his master in consternation, which his message changed into fear and trembling.

By the time the warden had reached the gate, James had thrown off his coat, and stood arrayed in the garb and insignia of royalty, while his train of nobles were galloping up in great haste. When they were collected around him, the king, for the first time, condescended to address the terrified warden, who had prostrated himself at the feet of his sovereign.

"Rise, Sir John," said he with a stern and commanding air. "You bade your porter tell me that I was either knave or fool, and you were right, for I have erred in delegating my power to a knave like you."

With a faltering tongue and a quivering lip the warden attempted to excuse himself, by stammering out that he did not know he was wanted by his majesty.

"But I sent you a message that I wished to speak with you on business of importance, and you refused to be disturbed. The meanest of my subjects has access to me at all times; I hear before I condemn; and shall do so with you, against whom I have many and heavy charges."

"Will it please your majesty to honour my humble dwelling with your presence, and afford me an opportunity of speaking in my own defence?" said the justly alarmed warden.

"No, Sir John, I will not enter beneath that roof as a judge, where I was refused admission as a petitioner. I hold my court at Hoddam Castle, where I command your immediate attendance; where I will hear your answer to the charges I have against you. In the meantime, before our departure you will give orders for the entertainment of my retinue, men and horses, at your castle, during my stay in Annandale."

The king then appointed several of the lords in attendance to accompany him to Hoddam Castle, whither he commanded the warden to follow him with all possible dispatch.

Sir John was conscious of negligence, and even something worse, in the discharge of his duty, although ignorant of the particular charges to be brought against him; but when ushered into the presence of his sovereign, he endeavoured to assume the easy confidence of innocence.

James proceeded instantly to business, by inquiring if there was not a recent incursion of a small marauding party, in which a poor widow's cow was carried off, her house plundered, and her son taken prisoner; and if she did not early next morning state this to him, requesting him to recover her property.

"Did you, Sir John, do your utmost in the case?"

"I acknowledge I did not; but the widow shall have the best cow in my possession, and her house furnished anew; I hope that will satisfy your Majesty."

"And her son, how is he to be restored?"

"When we have the good fortune to make an English prisoner, he can be exchanged."

"Mark me, Sir John! If Wallace Maxwell is not brought before me in good health, within a week from this date, you shall hang by the neck from that tree waving before the window. I have no more to say at present; be ready to wait on me in one hour when your presence is required."

The warden knew the determined resolution of the king, and instantly dispatched a confidential servant, vested with full powers, to procure the liberation of Wallace Maxwell, at whatever price, and to bring him safely back without a moment's delay. In the meantime, a retinue of men and horse, amounting to several hundred, were living at free quarters in Sir John's castle, and the visits of the king diffusing gladness and joy over the whole country.

Next morning James sent the young nobleman, whom he had pointed out to the widow at Stirling, to bring her and Mary Morrison to Hoddam Castle. He received both with easy condescension; when the widow, with much grateful humility, endeavoured to express her thanks, saying that Sir John had, last evening, sent her a cow worth double that she had lost; also blankets and other articles of higher value than all that had been carried away; but, with tears in her eyes, she said all these were as nothing without her dear son, assuring them that their request had not been neglected. James dismissed them, with the joyful hope of soon seeing Wallace, as he would send for him immediately on his arrival.

The distress of the warden increased every hour, for he was a prisoner in his own castle; and his feelings may be conjectured, when he received a message from the king commanding him to come to Hoddam Castle next day by noon, and either bring Wallace Maxwell along with him, or prepare for a speedy exit into the next world. He had just seen the sun rise, of which it seemed probable he should never see the setting, when his servant arrived with Wallace, whose liberty had been purchased at an exorbitant ransom. Without allowing the young man time to rest, Sir John hurried him off to Hoddam Castle, and sent in a message that he waited an audience of his Majesty.

To make sure of the youth's identity, the king sent instantly for his mother, and the meeting called forth all the best feelings of his heart, for maternal affection triumphed over every other emotion; and it was only after the first ebullition of it had subsided, that she bade him kneel to his sovereign, to whom he owed his liberty, and most probably his life. Wallace gracefully bent his knee, and took heaven to witness that both should be devoted to his majesty's service.

James was delighted with the manly appearance and gallant behaviour of Wallace; and after having satisfied himself of the sincerity of his attachment to Mary, he ordered him to withdraw.

He next dispatched a messenger for Mary, who, the moment she came, was ushered into the presence of Sir John; James marking the countenance of both—that of Mary flushed with resentment, while her eye flashed with indignant fire. The pale and deadly hue which overspread the warden's cheek was a tacit acknowledgment of his guilt. "Do you know that young woman, Sir John? Reply to my questions truly; and be assured that your life depends upon the sincerity of your answers," said the king, in a determined and stern voice.

"Yes, my liege, I have seen her," said Sir John, his lip quivering and his tongue faltering.

"Where?"

"At Amisfield."

"On what occasion?"

"She came to me for the release of Wallace Maxwell."

"And you refused her, except upon conditions which were an insult to her, and a disgrace to yourself. Speak; is it not so?"

"To my shame, my sovereign, I confess my guilt; but I am willing to make all the reparation in my power; and I leave it to be named by your majesty."

"You deserve to be hanged, Sir John; but when I look on that face I acknowledge your temptation; and it pleads a mitigation of punishment. You know that Mary loves and is beloved by Wallace Maxwell, whom you have already ransomed; you shall give him a farm of not less than fifty acres of good land, rent free, during his life, or that of the woman he marries; and farther, you shall stock it with cattle, and every article necessary, with a comfortable dwelling;—all this you shall perform within three months from this date. If you think these conditions hard, I give you the alternative of swinging from that tree before sunset. Take your choice."

"My sovereign, I submit to the conditions, and promise that I shall do my best to make the couple happy."

Wallace was now called in, when Mary clasped him in her arms, both falling on their knees before their sovereign. He raised them up, and said, "I have tried both your loves, and found them faithful. Your Mary is all that you believed her, and brings you a dowry which she will explain. I shall see your hands united before I leave Annandale, and preside at the feast. Let your care of the widow be a remuneration for what she has done for both, and I trust all of you will long remember the *Gudeman of Ballengeich's* visit to Annandale."

SCOTTISH MANUFACTURING DISTRICTS.

SCOTLAND possesses its manufacturing districts as well as England, and the degree of industry and ingenuity displayed in the latter country now meets with a parallel in this northern kingdom. The comparatively recent rise and rapid progress of manufactures in Scotland well merit attention. The prospe-

city of the country in this branch of its affairs is coeval with the revival of agriculture, and may be dated within the period of a century. England had its extensive cloth and other manufactures in the reign of Henry the Seventh; Scotland had not made the same advances till the reign of George the Third; yet such have been the activity and care bestowed on its manufactures within the period of the last seventy or eighty years, that in many processes of labour it already rivals its more favoured and more precocious sister nation. It may justly be said that no country in the world—the United States of America excepted—has made such extraordinary strides in the career of prosperity, in all that concerns it, as Scotland. Under the manifest disadvantages of a worse climate than is found in the greater part of England; a mountainous uneven territory, ill adapted for roads and canals; an unfortunate local situation, rather out of the way of European commerce; a most serious want of capital; and a recent rise from barbaric usages and the affliction of civil broils—it has fallen upon judicious means, through the energy of its character, of establishing a reputation highly worthy of respect, and of placing itself as much as possible on a par with its southern neighbour. There are some countries—Ireland for instance—where the mechanism of society, and every thing relative to national institutions, trade, and commerce, are continually going wrong; whereas in Scotland no beneficial practice has ever yet been introduced, from the epoch of Malcolm Canmore downwards, which has not readily taken root and been a source of national advantage and gratulation.

The principal manufacturing district in Scotland is that of Lanark and Renfrew shires, lying on the western side of the island, and intersected by the Clyde. The manufacture of lawns, cambrics, and other articles of a similar fabric, was introduced into this district about a century ago, but was not of any moment till the decade of 1770-80. A very flourishing commerce with the American colonies having then been checked, the attention of the trades of Glasgow was directed to other objects of enterprise; and being assisted by the discovery made by Arkwright of the improved process of spinning cotton wool, they commenced the manufacture of muslins. The late Mr James Monteith of Anderston was the first person who warped a muslin web in Scotland. The progress of the cotton manufacture at Glasgow after this was very rapid; dyeing and printing linen and calico were brought fully into practice; and soon the goods of Glasgow were exported to all parts of the world. Since the use of steam power commenced in Glasgow, about 180 engines, having the power of at least 3000 horses and in the proprietary of upwards of 150 manufacturers, have been established within two miles of the Cross of that city. The cotton manufacturers of Glasgow have also water mills and establishments in a number of places throughout the adjoining country, and the goods they produce rival those of the Lancashire manufacturers. The manufactures of Paisley, in Renfrewshire, differ from those of Glasgow. About the year 1760, the making of silk gauze was first attempted in Paisley in imitation of those of Spitalfields. The success was beyond the most sanguine expectations of those who engaged in it. The inventive spirit, and the patient application of the workmen, the cheapness of the labour at the time, and the skill and taste of the masters, gave it every advantage for being naturalized there. The consequence was, that nice and curious fabrics were devised, and such a vast variety of elegant and richly ornamented gauze was issued from the place, as to outdo every thing of the kind that had formerly appeared. Spitalfields was obliged to relinquish the manufacture, and companies came from London to carry it on in Paisley, where it prospered, and increased to an inconceivable extent. In 1784 the manufacture of silk gauze, lawn, and linen gauze, and white sewing thread, amounted to the value of £580,000, and no fewer than about 27,000 persons were employed. Since that epoch the gauze trade has declined; but the manufacture of cotton thread, cambric, shawls of silk and cotton, shawls of silk and Merino wool, scarfs, plaids, Canton crape shawls, and handkerchiefs, has risen, and been carried on with more or less vigour. The manufactures of Glasgow and Paisley engage the labour of a dense population, scattered over the whole of the villages in the west of Scotland, and reaching even into more distant parts of the country. The outlet for those manufactures is chiefly by the Clyde and by Greenock. The increase of the population of Glasgow and Paisley within the last fifty years has been very striking. In 1780 the city of Glasgow contained only 42,832 individuals; and in 1831 it possessed a population of nearly 233,000. Paisley and its environs in 1782 contained 17,700 inhabitants; in 1831 the population was nearly 60,000.

Lanarkshire has a variety of other manufactures; machinery to a great extent is made at Glasgow, and there are iron works in the upper vale of Clyde, within the shire. In an alpine region of Lanarkshire and Dumfriesshire, amidst a wilderness of heathy mountains, lie the villages of Leadhills and Wanlockhead, both celebrated for their lead-mines. The annual produce of the Scotch lead-mines is 65,000 bars, or 4120 tons, which, at the value of lead, on an average of the last twenty years, amount to £22,400.

Let us now proceed to other parts of Scotland. Dumfriesshire is now the seat of a number of print-

works, which have been established on the Leven, in consequence of the exceeding purity of its water,

"That sweetly warbles o'er its bed,
With white round polished pebbles spread."

The county is likewise noted for the manufacture of glass for windows, both plate and common, an article begun to be made here in 1777. The glass-works of Dumbarton give employment to 19,000 tons of shipping, and pay from £40,000 to 60,000 of excise duties per annum. Ayrshire, which is contiguous to Renfrewshire, has for a number of years taken the lead in woollen manufactures. The chief seat of this trade is at Kilmarnock, a rapidly improving town, possessing a population of about 18,000. In this thriving inland town about 1200 weavers and 200 printers are engaged in the manufacture of harness and worsted printed shawls, which are annually produced to the value of £200,000. In the manufacture of Brussels, Venetian, and Scottish carpets and rugs, the quality and patterns of which are not surpassed by any in the country, there are upwards of 1000 weavers employed. The annual amount of this important branch of manufacture cannot be less than £100,000. The town is noted for the manufacture of striped woollen night-caps and bonnets; of the latter, 224,640 are made yearly, the value of which is £12,000. Kilmarnock is also a mart for boots and shoes; about 2400 pairs are made every week, three-fourths of which are for exportation; annual value about £32,000. The thriving village of Stewarton, in Ayrshire, enjoys a large share of the manufacture of Highland bonnets, regimental and otherwise. A considerable portion of the population of this county is engaged in weaving for the Glasgow and Paisley manufacturers. Ayrshire has other two articles of manufacture worth mentioning—iron and snuff-boxes. The seat of the iron manufacture is at Muirkirk, where there are blast furnaces for pig iron, and an extensive forge for bar iron. The pig iron made here is soft, easily melted, and of the best quality. The bar iron is superior to any in Britain, and not inferior to Swedish iron. There are also some coal tar works at Muirkirk. Cumnock, a village in the heart of Ayrshire, on the Lugar water, is celebrated for the manufacture of those beautiful wooden snuff-boxes now so common, a species of trade carried on nowhere else in Scotland, except at Laurencekirk and Montrose. It is little more than twenty years since some ingenious individuals commenced the making of these curious little cabinets. There are now upwards of one hundred persons, men, women, and children, employed in the trade, all of whom get more considerable wages by their labour than most other artisans. Planetree is the wood used in the manufacture, and great ingenuity is evinced in adorning the lids with devices. The very nice manner in which the hinges are constructed, so as to be almost invisible, is deserving of the highest credit. It is calculated that a piece of rough wood, costing only twenty-five shillings, will make three thousand pounds worth of snuff-boxes.

Stirlingshire has some manufactures peculiar to itself. These consist of carpets, coarse woollens of divers kinds, tartans and cottons, which are principally made in the town of Stirling, and the adjacent villages of St Ninians and Bannockburn. There are also establishments at different places for manufacturing paper, copperas, alum, Prussian blue, soda, and whisky. Some of the villages are celebrated for the excellence and quantity of the nails which they manufacture; and the article so produced has long had a command of the Scottish market. But the grand staple manufacture of Stirlingshire is iron goods, cast and malleable, at Carron, on the banks of the river of that name, near Falkirk. This establishment, which is celebrated all over Europe, manufactures all kinds of cast-iron goods, for use in war, agriculture, domestic economy, or any other purpose. Cannon, mortars, howitzers, and carronades, of every description, are here made in the greatest perfection. The outlet for these heavy goods is the Frith of Forth, or the canal which communicates with the Clyde. Including those employed in the works, and those engaged in the mines and pits, with the individuals employed in the coasting and carrying trade, the whole will amount to between 2000 and 3000 persons, who subsist directly by the works.

No county in Scotland surpasses Fifeshire in point of industry, general intelligence, and comfort. This peninsular county (including part of Kinross-shire) is the busy seat of the Scottish linen manufacture, which was introduced into it about sixty years since, when the London trade was opened up. In the course of the intervening period of time, the county has been overspread with spinning-mills, bleach-fields, weaving-looms, and other essentials for carrying on a great trade. From time to time, considerable changes have occurred, according as the demand for particular articles varied; and in the present day the weaving of fine diapers and shirtings is the chief employ. Some of the most meritorious improvements in the art of bleaching and hand-weaving have been the discovery of natives of Fife. Dunfermline, in this county, enjoys the reputation of being the first town in Scotland for fine linens. The yarns used are from foreign flax, and are mostly spun and bleached on the river Leven. The Kirkland spinning-mills, near the seaport town of Leven, are the most extensive in the county. In the weaving of linens, whole towns, vil-

lages, and hamlets, are constantly employed. The cloth produced is, for the greater part, exported to London, as the Scotch themselves wear almost none of their own goods, being contented with the cheaper linens of Ireland. Blankets and plaidings are also manufactured in this shire. The operative weavers of Fife form an independent respectable class of artisans, thoroughly national in their habits and sentiments; and being, in most instances, provided with gardens and potato grounds, if not pigs and cows, near their cottages, they live in a state of peace and comfort, I venture to assert, nowhere equalled, at least not surpassed, among the working classes in any portion of the united kingdom. In no part of the country are there seen fewer idlers, fewer ill-clad people, or fewer public houses—solid testimonials of the sobriety, the industry, and the intelligence of the natives.

Forfarshire, which lies immediately north from Fife, has the chief trade in manufacturing coarse flaxen and hempen goods, principally from Baltic produce. The seat of this lucrative branch of manufactures is at Dundee, a town which, like Paisley and Glasgow, has made extraordinary advances within the last fifty years. Brown linen, sailcloths, bagging, and coarse household stuffs, are the staple branches. In the year ending Whitsunday 1830, the exports of lint and hempen goods amounted to 464,732 tons. The wealth diffused by a commerce of such magnitude may well be conceived to be great. Steam power is applied very extensively at Dundee, and all the towns and villages within many miles are kept busily engaged in weaving. Dundee is also famous for the excellence of its manufacture of kid gloves.

In that portion of Scotland lying betwixt the Borders and the Frith of Forth, manufactures are thinly scattered. Hawick in Roxburghshire began to manufacture woollen stockings in 1771, and since that period it has risen to be the chief town in this line in Scotland. There are now upwards of twenty manufacturers in the place, and these employ between five and six hundred looms. It was lately calculated that there were about 900,000 pounds weight of fine wool spun into yarn, three-fifths of which were wrought up into hose, &c., and the remainder sold to manufacturers of stockings in Leicester, Derbyshire, Glasgow, &c. Galashiels, a small thriving town in Selkirkshire, has for a number of years been making considerable advances in the manufacturing of cloths, plaidings, flannels, hosiery, &c. The town had recently ten woollen mills, or factories, which wrought about 30,000 stones of wool per annum, value £22,000. The cloth made here is remarkably strong and durable.

The district of Mid-Lothian, of which Edinburgh forms the centre, has a great variety of manufactures. Printing papers are now made to a vast extent at a number of mills on the Esk and other streams; pottery and salt are made at the towns on the shore of the Frith of Forth; glass or crystal is made to a large amount at Leith; and among other manufactures, those of refined sugar, ale, beer, leather, and chemical preparations, have a conspicuous place. The Edinburgh ales are deservedly celebrated; its silk shawls are also well known; and it has recently put forth some of the finest carpets. Edinburgh is, however, chiefly known as a mart for literary productions. Though not employing a dense population like Lanarkshire, the county possesses those vital principles of action which enable it to put the whole machinery of improvement in motion over the kingdom. Its banking establishments supply capital to nearly the whole of Scotland, and rouse the spirit of industry in the most distant isles.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

SIR RICHARD ARKWRIGHT.

THE biography of James Watt, a man to whom mankind has been greatly indebted for the ingenious improvements he effected on the steam engine, having been brought under the notice of my readers, I now propose to give some account of Sir Richard Arkwright, an individual in some measure associated with the great inventions of Watt; his rise from a very humble origin to affluence and distinction being the result of his persevering attention to the improvement of machinery connected with the cotton manufacture.

Arkwright (says his biographer, in the Library of Entertaining Knowledge) was born on the 23d of December 1732, at Preston, in Lancashire. His parents were very poor, and he was the youngest of a family of thirteen children; so that we may suppose the school education he received, if he ever was at school at all, was extremely limited. Indeed, but little learning would probably be deemed necessary for the profession to which he was bred—that of a barber. This business he continued to follow till he was nearly thirty years of age; and this first period of his history is of course obscure enough. About the year 1760, however, or soon after, he gave up shaving, and commenced business as an itinerant dealer in hair, collecting the commodity by travelling up and down the country, and then, after he had dressed it, selling it again to the wig-makers, with whom he very soon acquired the character of keeping a better article than any of his rivals in the same trade. He had obtained possession, too, we are told, of the secret method of dyeing hair, by which he doubtless contrived to augment his profits; and perhaps, in his accidental acquaintance with this little piece of chemistry, we may find the germ of that sensibility he soon began to manifest to the value of new and unpublished inventions in the arts, and of his passion for patent-rights and the pleasures of monopoly.

It would appear that his first effort in mechanics, as has happened in the case of many other ingenious men, was an attempt to discover the perpetual motion. It was in inquiring after a person to make him some wheels for a project of this kind, that in the latter part of the year 1767 he got acquainted with a clockmaker of the name of Kay, then residing at Warrington, with whom it is certain that he remained for a considerable time after closely connected. From this moment we may date his entrance upon a new career.

The manufacture of cotton cloths was introduced into this country only towards the end of the seventeenth century; although stuffs, improperly called Manchester cottons, had been fabricated nearly three centuries before, which, however, were made entirely of wool. It is generally thought that the first attempt at the manufacture of cotton goods in Europe did not take place till the end of the fifteenth century, when the art was introduced into Italy. Before this, the only cottons known had been imported from the East Indies.

The English cottons, for many years after the introduction of the manufacture, had only the weft of cotton, the warp, or longitudinal threads of the cloth, being of linen. It was conceived to be impracticable to spin the cotton with a sufficient hard twist to make it serviceable for this latter purpose. Although occasionally exported too in small quantities, the manufactured goods were chiefly consumed at home. It was not till about the year 1760 that any considerable demand for them arose abroad.

But about this time the exportation of cottons, both to the Continent and to America, began to be carried on on a larger scale, and the manufacture of course received a corresponding impulse. The thread had hitherto been spun entirely, as it still continues to be in India, by the tedious process of the distaff and spindle, the spinner drawing out only a single thread at a time. But as the demand for the manufactured article continued to increase, a greater and greater scarcity of weft was experienced, till, at last, although there were 50,000 spindles constantly at work in Lancashire alone, each occupying an individual spinner, they were found quite insufficient to supply the quantity of thread required. The weavers generally, in those days, had the weft they used spun for them by the females of their family; and now "those weavers," says Mr Guest, in his History of the Cotton Manufacture, "whose families could not furnish the necessary supply of weft, had their spinning done by their neighbours, and were obliged to pay more for the spinning than the price allowed by their masters; and, even with this disadvantage, very few could procure weft enough to keep themselves constantly employed. It was no uncommon thing for a weaver to walk three or four miles in a morning, and call on five or six spinners, before he could collect weft to serve him for the remainder of the day; and when he wished to weave a piece in a shorter time than usual, a new ribbon or gown was necessary to quicken the exertions of the spinner."

It was natural, in this state of things, that attempts should be made to contrive some method of spinning more effective than that which had hitherto been in use; and, in fact, several ingenious individuals seem to have turned their attention to the subject. Long before this time, indeed, spinning by machinery had been thought of by more than one speculator. A Mr Wyatt, of Litchfield, is stated to have actually invented an apparatus for that purpose so early as the year 1733, and to have had factories built and filled with his machines, both at Birmingham and Northampton. These undertakings, however, not being successful, the machines were allowed to perish, and no model or description of them was preserved. There was also a Mr Laurence Earnshaw, of Mottram, in Cheshire, of whom "it is recorded," says Mr Baines, in his History of Lancashire, "that, in the year 1753, he invented a machine to spin and reel cotton at one operation, which he showed to his neighbours, and then destroyed it, through the generous apprehension that he might deprive the poor of bread"—a mistake, but a benevolent one.

It was in the year 1767, as we have mentioned, that Arkwright became acquainted with Kay. In 1768, the two friends appeared together at Preston, and immediately began to occupy themselves busily in the erection of a machine for the spinning of cotton-thread, of which they had brought a model with them. They had prevailed upon a Mr Smalley, who is described to have been a liquor merchant and painter of that place, to join them in their speculation; and the room in which the machine was fixed was the parlour of the dwelling-house attached to the free grammar-school, the use of which Smalley had obtained from his friend, the schoolmaster. At this time Arkwright was so poor that, an election contest having taken place in the town, of which he was a burgess, it is asserted that his friends, or party, were obliged to subscribe to get him a decent suit of clothes before they could bring him into the poll-room. As soon as the election was over, he and Kay left Preston, and carrying with them their model, betook themselves to Nottingham, the apprehension of the hostility of the people of Lancashire to the attempt he was making to introduce spinning by machinery having, as Arkwright himself afterwards stated, induced him to take this step. On arriving at Nottingham, he first made arrangements with Messrs Wrights, the bankers, for obtaining the necessary supply of capital; but they, after a short time, having declined to continue their advances, he took his model to Messrs Need and Strutt, stocking-weavers of the place, the latter of whom was a particularly ingenious man, and well qualified, from his scientific acquirements, of which he had possessed himself under many disadvantages, to judge of the adaptation of the new machinery to its proposed object. An inspection of it perfectly satisfied him of its great value; and he and Mr Need immediately agreed to enter into partnership with Arkwright, who accordingly, in 1769, took out a patent for the machine as its inventor. A spinning-mill, driven by horse-power, was at the same time erect-

ed, and filled with the frames; being, unless we include those erected many years before by Mr Wyatt, the first work of the kind that had been known in this country. In 1771 Arkwright and his partners established another mill at Cromford, in the parish of Wirksworth, in Derbyshire, the machinery in which was set in motion by a water-wheel; and in 1775 he took out a second patent, including some additions which he had made to his original apparatus.

In what we have hitherto related, we have carefully confined ourselves to facts which are universally acknowledged; but there are other points of the story that have been stated in very opposite ways, and have given rise to much doubt and dispute.

The machinery for which Arkwright took out his patents consisted of various parts, his second specification enumerating no fewer than ten different contrivances; but of these the one that was by far of greatest importance, was a device for drawing out the cotton from a coarse to a finer and harder twisted thread, and so rendering it fit to be used for warp as well as weft. This was most ingeniously managed by the application of a principle which had not yet been introduced in any other mechanical operation. The cotton was in the first place drawn off from the skewers, on which it was fixed by one pair of rollers, which were made to move at a comparatively slow rate, and which formed it into threads of the first and coarser quality; but at a little distance behind the first was placed a second pair of rollers, revolving three, four, or five times as fast, which took it up when it had passed through the others, the effect of which would be to reduce the thread to a degree of fineness so many times greater than that which it originally had. The first pair of rollers might be regarded as the feeders of the second, which could receive no more than the others sent to them; and that, again, could be no more than these others themselves took up from the skewers. As the second pair of rollers, therefore, revolved, we will say, five times for every one revolution of the first pair, or, which is the same thing, required for their consumption in a given time five times the length of thread that the first did, they could obviously only obtain so much length by drawing out the common portion of cotton into thread of five times the original fineness. Nothing could be more beautiful or more effective than this contrivance, which, with an additional provision for giving the proper twist to the thread, constitutes what is called the water-frame or throstle.

Of this part of his machinery, Arkwright particularly claimed the invention as his own. He admitted with regard to some of the other machines included in his patent, that he was rather their improver than their inventor; and the original spinning-machine for coarse thread, commonly called the spinning-jenny, he frankly attributed in its first conception to a person of the name of Hargrave, who resided at Blackburn, and who, he said, having been driven out of Lancashire in consequence of his invention, had taken refuge in Nottingham; but, unable to bear up against a conspiracy formed to ruin him, had been at last obliged to relinquish the farther prosecution of his object, and died in obscurity and distress.

There were, however, other parties who had an interest as well as Arkwright in these new machines, and who would not allow that any of them were of his invention. As to the principal of them, the water-frame, they alleged that it was in reality the invention of a poor reed-maker, of the name of Highs, or Hayes, and that Arkwright had obtained the knowledge of it from his old associate Kay, who had been employed by Highs to assist him in constructing a model of it a short time before Arkwright had sought his acquaintance. Many cotton-spinners, professing to believe this to be the true state of the case, actually used Arkwright's machinery in their factories, notwithstanding the patent by which he had attempted to protect it; and this invasion of his monopoly was carried to such an extent, that at last he found himself obliged to bring actions against no fewer than nine different parties.

It would be needless to enter here into the history of Arkwright's legal contests, which, after various success, he finally lost. Whatever conclusion may be come to on the subject of his claim to the invention of the machinery introduced by him into his spinning factories, it is incontestable that to him alone belongs the merit both of having combined its different parts with admirable ingenuity and judgment, and of having, by his unwearied and invincible perseverance, first brought it into actual use on anything like an extensive scale, and demonstrated its power and value. The several inventions which his patent embraced, whether they were his own or not, would probably but for him have perished with their authors; none of whom except himself had the determination and courage to face the multiplied fatigues and dangers that lay in the way of achieving a practical exemplification of what they had conceived in their minds, or to encounter any part of that opposition, incredulity, ridicule, of those disappointments, repulses, losses, and other discouragements, over all of which he at last so completely triumphed. When he set out on this career he was poor, friendless, and utterly unknown. We have already stated that, on his coming with Kay to Preston, he was almost in rags; and it may be added, that when he and Kay made application immediately before this to a Mr Atherton for some pecuniary assistance to enable them to prosecute their plans, Arkwright's appearance alone was enough to determine that gentleman to have nothing to do with the adventure. Can we have a more exciting example, then, of what a resolute heart may do in apparently the most hopeless circumstances?—of what ingenuity and perseverance together may overcome in the pursuit of what they are determined to attain? And this is the grand lesson which the history of Arkwright is fitted to teach us—to give ourselves wholly to one object, and never to despair of reaching it. Even after he had succeeded in

forming his partnership with Messrs Need and Strutt, his success was far from being secured. For a long time the speculation was a hazardous and unprofitable one; and no little outlay of capital was required to carry it on. He tells us himself in his case that it did not begin to pay till it had been persevered in for five years, and had swallowed up a capital of more than twelve thousand pounds. We cannot doubt that it required all Arkwright's dexterity and firmness to induce his partners to persevere with the experiment under this large expenditure and protracted disappointment. But it was the character of the man to devote his whole heart and faculties to whatever he engaged in. Even to the close of his life, the management of his different factories was his only occupation, and even amusement. Although he had been from early life afflicted with severe asthma, he took scarcely any recreation—employing all his time either in superintending the daily concerns of these establishments—which were regulated upon a plan that itself indicated in its contrivance no little ingenuity and reach of mind—or in adding such improvements to his machinery, from time to time, as his experience and observation suggested. And thus it was, that from a poor barber he raised himself to what he eventually became—not merely to rank and great affluence, but to be the founder of a new branch of national industry, destined in a wonderfully short space of time to assume the very first place among the manufactures of his country."

THE GREAT UNIVERSAL PLAGUE.

THE different plagues which had visited Great Britain within the last five hundred years, were summarily adverted to in the first number of the Journal, particularly that in London in the year 1665. It was there stated that one of the greatest of these pestilences occurred in the reign of Edward III.; and as this was perhaps the most dreadful and most universal plague which is related in modern history, it is worth while to present a more lengthened description of its character and duration. For this purpose I take the liberty of abridging an excellent account of this great plague from a recent number of *Fraser's Magazine*.

"This dreadful pestilence, like the cholera, made its first appearance in the east. It arose in China, Tartary, India, and Egypt, about the year 1345. It is ascribed by contemporary writers to a general corruption of the atmosphere, accompanied by the appearance of millions of small serpents and other venomous insects, and in other places, quantities of huge vermin, with numerous legs, and of a hideous aspect, which filled the air with putrid exhalations. Making every allowance for the ignorance and credulity of the age, it appears evident that some natural causes had contributed to corrupt the air, and load it with pestiferous vapours. Thus it came into England in the end of the year 1368; and it rained from the previous Christmas till midsummer, almost without ceasing. Great inundations followed, and accumulations of stagnant water, by which the whole atmosphere was poisoned. It appears that in many countries there were also earthquakes and tremblings of the earth. In many of the accounts given of these convulsions of nature, we may presume there was a good deal of exaggeration. But the testimonies are too numerous and respectable to leave any doubt that, before and during the pestilence, the elements were in a state of general convulsion which seems unparalleled in history.

The plague extended its ravages from India into the more western parts of Asia, into Egypt, Abyssinia, and thence into the northern parts of Africa. It proceeded over Asia Minor, Greece, and the islands in the Archipelago, almost depopulating the regions over which it stalked. It may be literally said to have devastated the world, even though we were to take this term as implying the destruction of nine in place of one, out of ten. The plague appears to have staid five or six months in one place, and then to have gone in search of fresh victims. Its symptoms are minutely described by many writers, and appear to have been the same in every country it visited. It generally appeared in the groin, or under the armpits, where swellings were produced, which broke out into sores, attended with fever, spitting and vomiting of blood. The patient frequently died in half a day—generally within a day or two at the most. If he survived the third day, there was hope, though even then many fell into a deep sleep from which they never awoke.

From Greece the plague passed into Italy. The Venetians having lost 100,000 souls, fled from their city, and left it almost uninhabited. At Florence, 60,000 persons died in one year. France next became exposed to its ravages, and the mortality was horrible. The malady proceeded northward through France, till it reached Paris, where it cut off 50,000 people. About the same time it spread into Germany, where its ravages are estimated at the enormous amount of 12,400,000 souls.

At last this fearful scourge began to be felt in England. About the beginning of August 1348 it appeared in the seaport towns on the coasts of Dorset, Devon, and Somersetshire, whence it proceeded to Bristol. The people of Gloucestershire immediately interdicted all intercourse with Bristol, but in vain. The disease ran, or rather flew, over Gloucestershire. Thence it spread to Oxford, and about the 1st of November reached London. Finally, it spread over all England, scattering every where such destruction, that, out of the whole population, hardly one person in ten was left alive. Incredible as this statement may appear, it seems borne out by the details of contemporary annals. In the churchyard of Yarmouth, 7032 persons who died of the plague were buried in one year. In the city of Norwich, 37,374 persons died in six months. In the city of York, the mortality was equal. In London, the dead were thrown into pits—forty, fifty, or sixty, into one; and large fields were employed as burial places, the churchyards being insufficient for the purpose. No attempt was made to perform this last

office with the usual care and decency. Deep and broad ditches were made, in which the dead bodies were laid in rows, covered with earth, and surmounted with another layer of bodies, which were also covered. The mortality fell chiefly upon the lower classes of society, and, among them, principally on old men, women, and children. [In these respects, this plague seems to have differed from some of the plagues in the seventeenth century, which fell particularly upon the upper classes.—See Journal, No. 1.] It was remarked, that not one king or prince of any nation died of the plague, and of the English nobility and people of distinction very few were cut off. Among the higher orders of the church, the deaths were rare. It appears that no precautions could prevent the influence of the contagion. The bonds of society were loosed; parents forsook children, and children parents; some fled to the country, others locked themselves up in their houses, and many went on board vessels. But everywhere the fugitives were followed, for the destroying angel had a foot on the waters as well as on the land. "The pestilence spread into Wales and into Ireland. As to the Scots, they are said to have brought the malady upon themselves. Taking advantage of the defenceless state of England [for rather resolved to avenge the injuries they had suffered under the Edwards], they made a hostile irruption with a large force into the country. But they had not proceeded far, when the plague overtook them. They perished in thousands, and carried the disease with them into Scotland, where its ravages were soon as destructive as they were in England. Early in the year 1349, the plague began to abate; and by the month of August it had entirely disappeared. Its consequences, however, continued for some time to be severely felt. During the prevalence of the disease, the cattle, for want of men to tend them, were allowed to wander about the fields at random, and perished in such numbers as to occasion a great scarcity. Though the fields, too, were covered with a plentiful crop of corn, much of it was lost for want of hands to reap and gather it in. The last dregs of this great plague were drained by that unfortunate race, the Jews. A belief spread over several countries that they had produced the pestilence by poisoning the wells and fountains; and in many places they were massacred in thousands by the infuriated populace. In several parts of Germany, where this persecution chiefly raged, the Jews were literally exterminated. Twelve thousand of them were murdered in the single city of Mentz; and multitudes of them, in the extremity of their despair, shut themselves up in their houses, and consumed themselves with fire. The extent of such atrocities, in a barbarous age, may well be imagined, when we remember the outrages which were at first produced in some parts of the Continent by the cholera panic."

ON HOME.

BY JOSIAH CONDER.

THAT is not home, where day by day
I wear the busy hour away.
That is not home, where lonely night
Prepares me for the toils of light—
'Tis hope, and joy, and memory, give
A home in which the heart can live—
These walls no lingering hopes endear,
No fond remembrance chains me here,
Cheerless I leave the lonely sigh—
Eliza, canst thou tell me why?
'Tis where thou art is home to me,
And home without thee cannot be.

There are who strangely love to roam,
And find in wildest haunts their home;
And some in halls of lordly state,
Who yet are homeless, desolate.
The sailor's home is on the main,
The warrior's on the tented plain,
The maiden's, in her bower of rest,
The infant's on its mother's breast—
But where thou art, is home to me,
And home without thee cannot be.

There is no home in halls of pride,
They are too high, and cold, and wide.
No home is by the wanderer found:
'Tis not in place, 't is hath no bound.
It is a circling atmosphere,
Investing all the heart holds dear—
A law of strange attractive force,
That holds the feelings in their course.

It is a presence undefined,
O'er-shadowing the conscious mind,
Where love and duty sweetly blend
To consecrate the name of friend—
Where'er thou art, is home to me,
And home without thee cannot be.

My love, forgive the anxious sigh—
I bear the moments rushing by,
And think that life is fleeting fast,
That youth with health will soon be past.
Oh! when will time consenting give
The home in which my heart can live?
There shall the past and future meet,
And o'er our couch, in union sweet,
Extend their cherub wings, and shower
Bright influence on the present hour.
Oh! when shall Israel's mystic guide,
The pillar'd cloud, our steps decide,
Then, resting, spread its guardian shade,
To bless the home which love hath made?
Dearly, my love, shall thence arise
Our hearts' united sacrifice;
And home indeed a home will be,
Thus consecrated and shared with thee.

New Monthly Magazine, Oct. 2, 1825.

Scottish Anecdotes.

LORD MELVILLE.

Ere the late Lord Melville had obtained the patronage of Scotland, he was by no means popular in that country. On the contrary, he was, oftener than once, in danger of his life from mobs in Edinburgh. Paying a visit to the capital on one occasion, after having been concerned in some odious public measure, he sent for a barber, in the morning, to shave him at his hotel. The tonsor, who happened to be a wag, on entering the room, saluted Mr Dundas, and welcomed him to Edinburgh. Then having decorated him with an apron, he began to lather his face; during which operation, he cast upon him sundry scowling and penetrating glances, the meaning of which the stranger could not well comprehend. At length, flourishing his razor, he said in a sharp and stern voice, "We are much obliged to you, Mr Dundas, for the part you lately took in London."—"What!" replied the secretary, "you are a politician, I find? I sent for a barber."—"Oh, yes," returned the knight of the pewter basin, "I'll shave you directly;" which he did, until one half of the beard was cleanly mowed; when, coming to his throat, he drew the back of the razor across it, saying, "Take that, ye traitor!" and off he ran, down stairs, into the street. Whether Mr Dundas felt any uneasiness at the barber's manner, we know not; but the latter expression—the action being so well suited to the word—induced him instantly to apply the apron to his throat, and to make a loud gurgling noise, which being heard by some of the people of the house, they immediately ran to his assistance. They soon discovered, by the pantomimic gestures of Mr Dundas, what had occurred, and it was not long before the room was full of members of the faculty, of all degrees—apothecaries, surgeons, and physicians! It was a considerable time before the patient could be prevailed on to remove the apron, and expose his throat; but at length, when he did so, with much caution, it was found to be in a perfectly whole state, there not being even a scar visible! Though Mr Dundas had much reason to be delighted at having escaped unhurt, he was not a little mortified at the laugh which this adventure occasioned; and his chagrin was greatly increased when he found that he had to pay for the attendance of the medical gentlemen; which having done, and having shaved the other side of his face himself—for he would trust no more barbers—he decamped from Edinburgh, and did not return for many years.

WILKES.

At the period of Wilkes's popularity, every wall bore his name, and every window his portrait. In china, in bronze, or in marble, he stood upon the chimney-pieces of half the houses of the metropolis; he swung upon the sign-post of every village, of every great road throughout the country. He used himself to tell, with much glee, of a monarchical old lady, behind whom he accidentally walked, looking up, and murmuring within his hearing, in much spleen, "He swings every where but where he ought!" Wilkes passed her, and, turning round, politely bowed.

GARRICK.

On one occasion, Garrick dined in the beef-steak room at Covent Garden, ready dressed in character for the part of Ranger, which he was to perform the same night at the other theatre. Ranger appears in the opening of the comedy; and as the curtain was not drawn up at the usual time, the audience began to manifest considerable impatience, for Garrick had not yet arrived. A call-boy was instantly dispatched for him, but he was unfortunately retarded by a line of carriages that blocked up the whole of Russell Street, which it was necessary for him to cross. This protracted still farther the commencement of the piece; and the house evinced considerable dissatisfaction, with cries of "Manager, manager!" When Garrick at length reached the green-room, he found Dr Ford, one of the patentees, pacing backwards and forwards in great agitation. The moment the doctor saw him, he addressed him in a strong tone of rebuke. "I think, David, considering the stake you and I have in this theatre, you might pay more attention to its business." "True, my good friend," returned Garrick, "I should have been in good time; but I was thinking of my *steak* in the other." The appearance of their favourite soon pacified the audience, and Garrick went through the character with more vivacity than ever.

POLITICAL BON MOT.

Some one jocularly observed to the Marquis Wellesley, that in his arrangements of the Ministry, "His brother the Duke had thrown him overboard." "Yes," said the Marquis, "but I trust I have strength enough left to swim to the other side."

THE PRETENDER'S HEALTH.

There was not much wit, but there was some good humour in the reply George II. made to a lady, who, at the first masquerade his Majesty was at in England, invited him to drink a glass of wine at one of the *beaufetes*: With this he readily complied, and the lady filling a bumper, said, "Here, mask the Pretender's health!" then filling another glass, presented it to the king, who, receiving it with a smile, replied, "I drink with all my heart to the health of all unfortunate princes."

MESS-ROOM GOSSIP.

The late Duke of York once remarked to Colonel W. at the mess of the 11th regiment, that the colonel was uncommonly bald, and, although a younger man than his royal highness, he stood more in need of a wig. The colonel, who had been of very long standing in the service, and whose promotion had been by no means rapid, informed his royal highness, that his baldness could be very easily accounted for. "In what manner?" asked his royal highness, rather eagerly. To which Colonel W. replied, "By junior officers stepping over my head." The Duke was so pleased with the reply that the gallant colonel obtained promotion in a few days afterwards.

THE FAMILY OF ELIBANK.

Every body is familiar with the mode of life practised some two or three hundred years ago on the Scottish borders. When a housewife ran out of butcher-meat, she either presented a pair of spurs under cover at dinner, as a hint that her sons and husband should ride out to obtain a supply, or, if inclined to be a little more provident, informed them, in the afternoon, that the "hough was in the pot," thereby insinuating that her beef-barrel was reduced to its last and worst fragment. It is told that Scott of Harden, the ancestor of a very respectable family which still flourishes on the border, was one day coming home with a large drove of cattle, which he had lifted, as the phrase went, in some of the dales of Cumberland, when he happened to espy a large haystack in a farm-yard by the way-side, which appeared to him as if it could have foddered his prey for half the winter. Vexed to think that this could not also be lifted, the chieftain looked at it very earnestly, and said, with bitter and emphatic expression, "By my saul, if ye had four feet, ye should gang too." A member of this family was what might have been called *unfortunate* in one of his enterprises. Having invaded the territories of Sir Gideon Murray of Elibank, ancestor of the noble family of that name and title, he was inveigled by the latter into an ambuscade, and taken, as it were, in the very fact. Murray, being an officer of state, thought himself bound to make an example of the offender, and he accordingly gave orders to the unfortunate Harden to prepare for immediate execution. Elated with his victory, he went home and communicated his intention to his lady. "Are you mad?" said her ladyship; "would you hang the young laird of Harden, you that has so many unmarried daughters? Na, na, it'll be a hantle mair wisely to mak the young laird marry ane o' them." The eloquence of the lady prevailed; and, as young Harden was in perilous circumstances, and was expected gladly to accept of any alternative to avoid an ignominious death, it was resolved that he should wed "Muckle-Mou'd Meg," the third daughter of the family, who was distinguished by what, in modern phraseology, is termed an "open countenance;" that is, in less metaphorical language, her mouth extended from ear to ear. The alternative was accordingly proposed to the culprit, but, to the astonishment of all concerned, it was at once rejected. "Weel, weel, young man," says the laird of Elibank, "ye've get 'till the morn's mornin to think about it," and so saying, he left the young laird in his dungeon to his own agreeable reflections. In the morning, Harden, after a sleepless night, looked out from the window, or rather hole of his cell, and saw the gallows erected in the yard, and all the apparatus of death prepared. His heart failed him, and he began to think that life, even though spent in the society of "Muckle-Mou'd Meg," was not a thing to be rashly thrown away. He declared his willingness, therefore, to accept of the maiden's hand. There were no marriage laws in those days—no proclamation of banns—no session-clerk's fees. The priest was sent for, and the indissoluble knot was tied. Nor did Harden ever repent of his bargain; for Meg, notwithstanding the deformity from which she took her name, was in fact one of the best creatures in existence, possessed of a great fund of excellent sense, and withal a handsome *personable* woman. She turned out an admirable wife, managed the household of Harden with the utmost propriety; and a union which had taken place under such extraordinary circumstances, and with such very unpromising auspices, was in the highest degree cordial and constant.—*Chambers's Scottish Jests and Anecdotes.*

LIVING ABROAD.

I will endeavour to enable any one to judge how far it may be worth his while to come to reside in France from motives of economy. The French are sometimes puzzled to make out why the English come abroad; perhaps the English, if they were asked, would be equally puzzled themselves. The price of almost every article, the produce of agricultural or manufacturing industry, has been increased one-third, some say two-fifths, in France, since the beginning of the revolution; the taxes have been trebled. The result of between three and four years' experience is, that about one-sixth is saved by living, not in Paris, but in a provincial town in France, or, that a franc (10d.) will go as far as a shilling. Set against the saving the expense of the journey, and the saving will not be great to those who do not retrench in their mode of life. House-rent is higher in France than in England; fuel much dearer; some manufactured articles, as woollen cloth for coats, and linen and cotton for shirts, are equally dear; tea is cheaper, as the Americans supply it, or England with a remission of duty. But there are no assessed taxes, no poor-rates; provisions I found to be cheaper by about one-third, and instead of small beer, my children now drink wine.—*Four Years in France.*

Column of Serious Reading.

IMPROVEMENT OF MANKIND BY CHRISTIANITY.

IN the eleventh number of the Journal, I took the liberty of offering to my juvenile readers a concise comparative view of the philosophies of the ancients, and the religion of Christ; in which, in the spirit of impartiality, I showed the marked superiority of the latter, simply as regarded its moral efficacy. Since writing that paper, I have fallen in with an exceedingly pleasing and edifying production, in a small compass, entitled, "*Reasons for the Hope that is in us*," by Robert Ainslie—a gentleman whose name is associated with reminiscences of the literary circles of the Scottish metropolis towards the end of last century, and the author of a similar previous work, designated "A Father's Gift to his Children." It is the characteristic of this author to exhibit Christianity under its most alluring, and, what I would humbly imagine to be, its most correct form. While he instructs by the extent and familiarity of his details, as well as by the clear simplicity of his style, he invites our sympathy by depicting religion in such an attractive garb that he cannot fail in fixing the attention of the wavering, and securing the respect even of the avowed sceptic. It is not my present purpose to offer an analysis of the evidences of natural and revealed religion here so plainly laid down, or enlarge on the various other topics introduced; as I trust that families will lose no time in procuring the volume for a patient perusal, seeing that it is particularly adapted to the young: it is more my design to follow up my former comparative view, by presenting an extract from one of the most interesting chapters, illustrative of the *Improvement effected on mankind through the permanent establishment of Christianity*.

"In taking a view of the morality and feelings of ancient and modern times (says the author), a material difference between them generally presents itself, and we perceive a great superiority of the latter over the former. Instead of the barbarity of the old world, we now find wars carried on with less ferocity; humanity towards the vanquished when the conflict has ceased; domestic slavery abolished or mitigated; suicide abated; the desperate evil of human sacrifices over; protection given to the helpless; institutions abounding for the sick and destitute; revenge forbidden and discountenanced; and philanthropy considered as the greatest virtue. True religion has of all things the most steady and lasting influence on the human mind; and we will find no difficulty in discovering in it the causes of such changes in sentiment and conduct. This we shall do on contrasting the beneficent system introduced by the Saviour, with those which prevailed under the heathen superstitions, and their grossness, their cruelties, and their fostering the worst of human passions.

As the world came to be Christianised, the humane and benevolent doctrines of the Scriptures became, in sundry different countries, the foundation of, or engrafted with, their municipal laws. Thus many parts of those of Theodosius and Justinian were taken from the Gospels. Those of the Visigoths, Burgundians, Franks, and other rude races of men, were amended by the fine spirit which portions of the word of God had infused into them. Alfred the Great transcribed into his civil institutions the ten commandments, and several chapters of the Book of Exodus; and many of the laws of Charlemagne and Louis were taken from the books of Moses. It was impossible that nations should not receive general culture and civilisation from such excellent sources. That they did so, I shall now proceed to show.

The horrors of war have been extremely mitigated through the prevalence of Christianity, and the injunctions of the pious and the good. Thus Constantine, the first of the Christian Roman Emperors, expressly enjoined his soldiers that mercy should be made by them to follow victory; and finding, in some instances, his orders little attended to, he himself ransomed his own prisoners even from his own troops. When Attila, the barbarous King of the Huns, who was styled the "Scourge of God," had laid waste Italy, and resolved to march straightway to Rome, where the greatest devastation would have ensued, he was turned aside from his fatal purpose by the admonition of a pious Archbishop; and even the terrible Alaric, the Goth, when he had stormed the Imperial City, respected the churches, and saved those who fled there for refuge; exhorting his soldiers, in the midst of their conquest, to spare unresisting citizens who had so sheltered themselves. The middle ages of Europe were extremely improved by *chivalry*, where gallant knights fought for the Cross of Christ, and the safety of the destitute. Although the romance of that noble institution is now long over, yet modern times still feel its benign influence, and are bettered by the humane and gentle manners and sentiments which were imperceptibly introduced by it; and these have shown themselves in many an interesting instance. Now, no such things are to be found in the histories of the ancients; but probably the finest instance of all, of the striking difference between them and the moderns, and of the merciful feeling in the heart of the brave, is found in the prayer of Nelson, composed by him immediately before his entering into the battle of Trafalgar; and which ought to be engraven in letters of gold, for the sake of all future generations.

It was in the following terms:—"May the great God, whom I worship, grant to my country, and for the benefit of Europe in general, a great and glorious victory; may no misconduct in any one tarnish it; and may humanity after victory be the predominant feature in the British fleet." Such in modern times have been the sentiments and the conduct of the gallant and the good towards their fallen foes. And let this be compared with the ferocity of the ancient heathens. The victorious legions of Rome, when they were directed by Scipio, at the sack of Carthage, to put to death all without distinction, were told by him "that such was the custom of Rome." Julius Caesar, besides all his slaughter in the field, and in subduing of nations, stormed a thousand cities with the usual ferocity, and reduced a million of people to abject slavery. But where, in an especial manner, is the source of such wonderful difference? It is found in the admonition of the Son of God, "*Love your enemies, and be merciful, as your Father in Heaven is merciful*."

Infanticide, or the slaughter of young children, to repress too numerous a population, was not only sanctioned by the customs of the ancient world, but was recommended by its sages, and even enacted by its legislators. Thus Plato and Aristotle both enjoined the practice, and Lycurgus made it a part of the law of Sparta. In the Roman world, during the reign of Caligula, it was common; and so general must it have been among the nations connected with it, that Tacitus, in treating of the Germans, mentions it as a remarkable circumstance that the custom was not found with them. The same dreadful expedient to restrain what is considered an inconvenient increase of mankind, has been adopted also, to a great extent, in more modern times, where Christianity has not prevailed. Such systematic murder of helpless children has given way gradually before the increasing light of the Gospel.

Human sacrifices were extremely prevalent in the ancient world. Of old it was a rule with every Grecian state before their armies were marched against an enemy, to immolate human victims; and it is well known that the Athenians had a custom of sacrificing a man every year, after loading him with dreadful curses, that the wrath of the gods might fall upon his head, and be turned away from the rest of the citizens. Such sacrifices prevailed also at an early period among the Romans. In the time of Porphyry, a man was every year sacrificed at the shrine of Jupiter Latialis. All barbarous nations have followed this practice. The annual sacrifices of the Mexicans required some thousands of human victims; and in Peru two hundred children were devoted to the health of the Inca, and sacrificed. But these, and all other immolations, ceased in the light of the Gospel, and before that One Great Sacrifice offered for the sins of all mankind.

Suicide was not only extremely prevalent in the old world, but was countenanced by the philosophy of the times. Gladiator fighting was also very common in the old world. Very little attention was likewise paid to strangers, but the use and promulgation of these blessed words, "*I was a stranger and ye took me in*," gave rise in after ages to many pious institutions for their protection and relief. In the same manner the state of all descriptions of prisoners was deplorable of old. Whipping and putting to death of debtors were permitted by the early laws of Rome. The first being who seems to have felt for the fate of those in prison was Christ, and the words which he uttered "*I was in prison and ye visited me*," laid the foundation of merciful laws in every Christian country for diminishing the captive's misery, and cheering the gloom of his melancholy dwelling.

The protection of widows and orphans, and the healing of the sick and wounded, also attracted the attention of the early Christians, and produced in the more modern world what the ancients altogether wanted, viz. charitable institutions of all kinds for these humane purposes. Christianity has reformed the general conduct of men. But not only has it reformed their morals—it has been the means of also enlightening and instructing them. Suffice it to notice, that when the world was overrun with barbarism on the fall of the Roman empire, learning found a safe asylum in the Christian sanctuaries, from which it afterwards came forth to bless mankind; that connected with it have arisen noble institutions for the instruction of the rich and the middle ranks of Europe, while the constant perusal of the Scriptures, which now takes place in the most of its countries, and the hearing of their exposition, lay open to all a truer theology, a purer morality, and more just views of human nature, than what the greatest of the ancients ever knew. This necessarily brief enumeration of the essential benefits occurring to mankind from the beneficent influence of Christianity, may be wound up in the appropriate language of a recent American writer. "The Christian religion," says he, "has been a rich blessing to every country which has embraced it; and its salutary effects have borne proportion to the care which has been taken to inculcate its general principles, and the cordiality with which its doctrines have been embraced. If we cast our eyes over the map of the world and inquire what nations are truly civilised? where does learning flourish? where are the principles of morality and the dictates of humanity best understood? where are the poor and afflicted most effectually relieved? where do men enjoy the greatest security of life, property, and liberty? where is the female sex treated with due respect, and exalted to its proper place in society? where is the education of youth most assiduously pursued? where are the brightest examples of benevolence? and where do men enjoy most rational happiness? I say, if we were called upon to designate those countries in which these advantages are most highly enjoyed, every one of them would be found in *Christianity*; and the superiority enjoyed by some over the others would be found to bear an exact proportion to the practical influence of *pure Christianity*."

SPANISH AND PORTUGUESE ARMIES.

THE following succinct account of the amount of the Spanish and Portuguese regular armed forces, is given by Dr Browne in his valuable article *ARMY*, in the new edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*:—

"The Spanish army, which, under Charles V., Pescara, the Duke of Alba, and the Constable of Bourbon, had proved itself so formidable—extending the theatre of its exploits from the Pyrenees to the Po and the Adige on the one hand, and to the Elbe, the Meuse, and the Waal on the other—degenerated rapidly under the disastrous reigns of the last princes of the House of Austria. When Philip V. ascended the throne at the beginning of the last century, it scarcely amounted to 15,000 men. By that prince and his successors, however, it was gradually increased, until, in the year 1792, its establishment amounted to 116,000 infantry, 12,200 cavalry, with upwards of 10,000 artillery, and its effective force to about 120,000 men of all arms. At present its effective amounts to 90,000 men, and its disposable force to 75,000 combatants. It is composed of the general active staff, of the staff of the fortresses, of the household troops and royal guard, of the infantry and cavalry of the line, with artillery, engineers, and veterans. Its staff consists of 6 captain-generals, 77 lieutenant-generals, 122 major-generals, 350 brigadier-generals, with inferior officers in proportion. There are 15 captives, viz. 12 territorial and 3 colonial. In Spain, and its possessions contiguous to the Peninsula, there are 150 fortresses, posts, forts, citadels, or open towns where troops are in garrison. The household troops consist of six squadrons of the body guard and a company of halberdiers; of these, four squadrons are Spanish, and two foreign, called Saxons, in honour of the queen. The royal guard is organized like that of France, and consists of two divisions of infantry, one division of cavalry, and three companies of artillery, one of which is horse-artillery. The first division consists of four regiments of grenadiers, each composed of two battalions, divided into eight companies of 120 men each; and the second of two regiments of the elite of the provincial militia, divided into three battalions of four companies each. The cavalry forms a division of two brigades; and the artillery consists of three companies of 100 men each; serving a battery of six pieces mounted. The infantry of the line consists, first, of 10 regiments of three battalions each; secondly, of the Swiss regiment Wimpfen, one battalion only; thirdly, of a regiment, fixed at Ceuta, composed of four companies of 100 men each, the refuse of the army. Seven regiments, of two battalions each, of the same number and composition as those of the line, form the light infantry. The militia consists of 42 regiments of one battalion each, which is divided into eight companies. The cavalry consists of 13 regiments, of which 5 are of the line, and 8 light horse, each of four squadrons, composed like those of the royal guard; together with two companies of cuirassiers at Ceuta, one formed of native Spaniards, and the other of Moors. The royal corps of artillery is divided into the theoretical and practical. The troops of this arm consist, first, of 6 battalions of foot artillery, in garrison at Barcelona, Carthagena, Seville, Corunna, and Valladolid; secondly, of 4 companies of horse-artillery, in garrison at Carthagena and Seville; thirdly, of 5 companies of artificers; fourthly, of 5 battalions of the train; fifthly, of 3 brigades and 15 companies fixed in garrison, but exclusive of the personnel in America. This arm has a splendid museum at Madrid, besides a theoretical and practical school, directed by a brigadier-general or colonel, in the principal town or place of each province. The engineers are a corps of officers not regimented or brigaded, consisting of an engineer-general, 10 directors sub-inspectors, 17 colonels, 20 lieutenant-colonels, 34 captains, and 56 lieutenants; together with a regiment of sappers, consisting of 2 battalions of 8 companies each, viz. 5 of sappers, 1 of miners, 1 of pontooners, and 1 of workmen. The establishments of this arm are, a topographical depot-general, or collection of maps, plans, and military memoirs; a museum, containing representations in relief of the fortresses, and different models of fortifications; and an academy for the instruction of young officers intending to enter this branch of the service, after they have passed through the primary school of Segovia. All these establishments are situated in the capital.

The Spanish army is recruited by voluntary enrolment, and, in case of insufficiency, by ballot or conscription. The term of service is eight years for the first enrolment or ballot, and two or four for the second, when the soldier becomes entitled to an increase of pay. Before the war of independence no one could attain the rank of officer without having been a cadet; and each cadet was bound to prove his nobility. But since the return of Ferdinand these proofs have been dispensed with, and sergeants now obtain a third of the sub-lieutenancies; the other two-thirds being reserved for the *élites* of the military school of Segovia, who have passed the customary examinations at the end of their course of study. The dress and equipment of the Spanish army are in the worst state; the pay of the troops is exceedingly irregular; and their discipline is, in consequence, as bad as it is possible to imagine, or rather, there is scarcely such a thing known.

After the general peace of 1814, when all the powers of Europe had reduced their military establishments, Portugal alone did not follow their example, but fixed the peace establishment of its permanent army at 49,263 infantry and 3230 cavalry; which, with the militia, made a force of 59,325 men, or about 22 soldiers for every 100 inhabitants. Such a state of things, however, was much too violent to be durable. Accordingly, one of the first cares of the constitutional government of 1821 was to reform a military system so disproportionate to the population and the financial resources of the king-

dom. The armed force since that period has therefore consisted exclusively of the permanent army and the militia. The permanent army is composed of a general staff, an engineer corps, 24 infantry regiments of the line of 1 battalion each, 6 regiments of *chasseurs à pied*, and 12 regiments of *chasseurs à cheval* of 3 squadrons each, 4 regiments of artillery, a battalion of engineer artificers, a company of soldiers of the train, a police guard, and 30 companies of veterans. The general staff consists of an indeterminate number of lieutenant-generals, 16 major-generals, 24 brigadier-generals, 6 superior officers, 6 subalterns, 12 aids-de-camp, 12 secretaries, 10 employees, and a veterinary surgeon-in-chief; in all 100. The engineer corps (*corpo de engenheiros*) is composed of 4 colonels, 4 lieutenant-colonels, 8 majors, 12 captains, 12 lieutenants of the first class, 12 of the second; in all 64. Each regiment of infantry of the line and of light troops consists of 44 officers and 700 non-commissioned officers and soldiers. The effective strength of a regiment of artillery is 551 men, including 33 officers. The corps of the train of artillery (*artilheiros conductores*), reduced to a single company by the organization of 1821, is composed of 12 officers, 30 soldiers, and 70 mules (*bestas muaras*.) The battalion of engineer artificers consists of 291 men, including 12 officers. Each of the 30 companies of veterans is from 70 to 150 strong, including 2 officers. The police guard of Lisbon consists of a battalion of infantry of 8 companies and 900 men, including officers; together with a battalion of *gens d'armes à cheval* 230 strong, divided into 4 companies. The effective force of the permanent army on the peace establishment is therefore 29,645 foot, and 4411 horse. But the events of which Portugal has since 1821 been the theatre, and the circumstance of six battalions having been sent to Brazil, render it probable that, at the period of the insurrection of the Marquis de Chaves, the regular army did not exceed 24,000, or at most 25,000 men. The militia form 48 regiments of infantry, of the same strength and composition as those of the line; together with six separate corps, of which three are infantry, two cavalry, and one artillery: amounting in all to 35,542 men, and, with the army of the line, making the total of land forces, 63,187 men of all kinds and arms."

VALUE OF PROPERTY IN THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

The Editor has already alluded to the vast accumulation of capital, or savings of labour, which annually takes place in Great Britain under any circumstances—whether of national prosperity or adversity—and which will, in all probability, ever act as a safeguard against great or irremediable misfortunes. The late Mr Colquhoun, in his work on the wealth of the British empire, estimated the amount of property which was thus annually created within the United Kingdom, its colonies, and dependencies, as follows. The period more particularly alluded to is 1812, since which time the amount of property in the empire has greatly increased.

GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

Agriculture,	L.216,817,624
Mines and minerals,	9,000,000
Manufactures,	114,230,000
Inland trade,	31,500,000
Foreign commerce and shipping,	46,373,748
Coasting trade,	2,000,000
Fisheries (exclusive of the colonial fisheries of Newfoundland),	2,100,000
Banks, viz. chartered banks, and private banking establishments,	3,500,000
Foreign income,	5,000,000
Dependencies in Europe,	1,616,000

L.433,339,372

British possessions in North America,	L.13,215,474
British West India colonies,	28,712,466

British settlements in Africa,	41,917,940
British colonies and dependencies in Asia,	800,300
Territorial possessions under the management of the East India Company,	6,104,230

211,966,494

218,160,724

Total, L.693,228,336

The same eminent statist calculated the amount of property in the British empire, or the value of the United Kingdom and all its colonies and dependencies in Europe, America, Africa, and Asia, including the territorial possessions under the management of the East India Company, in 1812, as follows:—

EUROPE.—Great Britain and Ireland, including the navy dependencies,	L.2,736,640,000
AMERICA.—British possessions in North America,	22,161,330
British West India colonies,	46,575,360
Conquered West India colonies,	100,014,864
AFRICA.—British settlements,	75,220,000
Conquered idem,	550,500
ASIA.—British colonies and dependencies,	4,220,100
Conquered idem,	11,200,000
Territorial possessions under the management of the East India Company,	27,441,090
Total property in the British Empire,	1,072,427,761

Total property in the British Empire, L.4,066,530,895

(The above summary is extracted from *Bell's Popular and Scientific Geography*.)

TEA DRINKING.

THERE is a certain class of people who take every opportunity of sneering at their neighbours for indulging in the "folly" of drinking tea, which they tell you is poisonous, and for the use of which the Chinese, as they say, make a point of laughing at us. I have generally remarked, that those who in this manner condemn the use of tea are themselves addicted to the drinking of intoxicating liquors of some kind or other, and that, in most instances, they are not a bit more healthful or more innocent than the unhappy tea drinkers whom they affect to pity. In the way that tea is usually made with a large mixture of sugar and cream, both which ingredients are highly nutritious, it is fully more salutary, and a great deal more refreshing, than any other light liquid that could be poured into the stomach. With all due deference to Cobbett, milk, even entirely divested of its creamy particles, is heavy, and though it may be used with advantage as a meal, when work is done in the open air, it can never suit the appetites of the great mass of the people, who are confined by sedentary employments. Milk is the food of men in a rude state, or in childhood; but tea or well-made coffee is their beverage in a state of civilisation. It would seem that the civilised human being must use a large quantity of liquid food. Perhaps solid meat is more nutritious; but there are cases in which a small degree of nutriment is quite sufficient. A lady or a gentleman of sedentary habits does not require to feed like a ploughman, or a fancy man training for a pedestrian excursion. They can subsist in a healthful state with a small quantity of solid food, but they do not do well unless with a large quantity of liquids, and these of a light quality. Good beer has been recommended as a substitute for tea; but beer is at the best a cold, ungenial drink, except to robust people who have much exercise. Beer may certainly be made almost as light as water itself, but in that case it is filled with gaseous matter or confined air, and it cannot be drunk with comfort as a simple refreshment.

It will always be remembered that there are different kinds of tea, and that some are more salutary than others. Green tea ought by all means to be avoided by persons of weak nerves. Black tea is the preferable for general use, and, if properly made, will prove antispasmodic, and relieve pains or cramps in the bowels. In some instances tea does not suit the particular state of the stomach, and it should then be abandoned, the taste naturally pointing out when it should be taken. But no species of prepared fluid seems so suitable to the palates and the stomachs of the people of this country. No kind of drink is so refreshing after a journey or fatigue as tea. It restores the drooping spirits, and invigorates the frame for renewed exertion. No other kind of liquid with which we are acquainted has the same remarkable influence morally and physically. Fermented or distilled liquors, taken under the same circumstances, either induce intoxication or sleep. It is preposterous to say that tea is poisonous. As there is an stringency in its properties, I believe it would be most injurious were we to live upon nothing else, or drink it as a tincture. But who does either? As it happens to be prepared and used, it answers merely as a refreshing and pleasing drink, either to the solid bread and butter taken along with it, or after a recent dinner of substantial viands. How idle it is to say that this harmless beverage is ruining the constitutions of the people of this country! The very reverse can be demonstrated. The inhabitants of Great Britain use nearly twenty-seven millions of pounds weight of tea annually, which is about the rate of 1 lb. 9 oz. on an average for every individual. From thirty to forty years ago they used a great deal less than the half of this quantity, yet the average length of human life has been greatly extended since that period. The English and Scotch now use more tea than all the rest of Europe put together, and yet they are the healthiest nation on the face of the earth. The North Americans are also great tea drinkers, and human life among them is of nearly an equal value. Who would for a moment compare the thin wretched wines of France and Germany, or the sour kroust of Russia, to the "comfortable" tea of Great Britain, and who would lose time in calculating the different effects of these liquids on the constitution?

Tea has other excellent properties. At this present moment it is putting down the pernicious practice of dram-drinking, and evidently limiting the extent of after-dinner potations. It seems to be impossible that a regular drinker of tea can be a lover of ardent spirits; and it is generally observed that as a man (or

woman either) slides into the vice of tippling, he simultaneously withdraws from the tea-table; so true it is that the brutalized feelings of the drunkard are incompatible with the refined sentiments produced by "The cup which cheers, but not inebriates."

It is hence to be wished that tea, or some other equally simple prepared fluid, should be still more brought into use. Do not let it be urged as an objection that tea is expensive, for even under its excessive dearth, compared with its original cost, it is the cheapest beverage in use. With respect to price, it should not be placed against water or milk. It comes in place of some other indulgence—intoxicating liquors for instance—respecting the price of which we never heard any complaints from the lower walks of life. Tea is thus not entirely a superfluity. The clamours as to its fostering habits of evil and light speaking are so antiquated as hardly to deserve notice. Formerly, when tea was exclusively a luxury among women, the tea-table was perhaps the scene where scandal was chiefly discussed. But while I suspect that the same amount of scandal would have been discussed if there had been no tea-tables whatever, I must observe that tea is now partaken of under greatly different circumstances. From being the favourite indulgence only of women, it is now an ordinary domestic meal, and there is no more disposition to draw forth the failings of our neighbours over tea than over roast beef or punch, at seven o'clock any more than at five. In the upper classes of society, what with late dinners, routs, and frivolities of every description, tea-drinking may be put aside as a vulgarism; but as being, in point of fact, a powerful agent in humanising the harsh feelings of our nature, and cultivating the domestic affections, I trust it will long hold a place in the dietetics of the respectable middle and lower classes of Great Britain.

THE COSSACK AND THE PANTHER.

Mogul Tartary (says Holman, the blind though entertaining traveller) is cold and rugged in the extreme, and often dangerous to the traveller, in consequence of the great number of wild animals that inhabit it. A singular rencontre took place some time since in the neighbourhood of the Chinese frontier between a Cossack and a panther, an animal which is exceedingly rare in this country. A young Cossack, inspecting one day a track in the woods, and observing the footsteps of an animal which were strange to him, returned to communicate the circumstance to his father, who mounted his horse, with an axe in his hand, and, followed by his dog, went in search of him. He was soon discovered between some rocks, whence he retreated to another lair, but pursued by the Cossack. As the latter approached, the animal made a spring upon the horse, placing one foot on his fore part, and the other on his hind part, with his mouth between, widely open upon his pursuer, who, from the dreadful urgency of the case, thrust his left hand and arm down his throat, and, with his axe, at length destroyed him. The intrepid fellow's arm was, however, so much lacerated, that he has entirely lost the use of it. The animal, which proved to be a panther, was subsequently sent to St Petersburg, where it is now preserved in the museum; and his Imperial Majesty directed that the Cossack should be provided for, as a reward for his bravery, and a recompence for the injury sustained in this extraordinary combat.

It was announced in the Prospectus of the Journal, and subsequently notified, that no communications in verse or prose were wanted; and to save trouble to all parties, as well as a considerable expense, such a peculiarity in the conducting of this paper is again respectfully made known.—In reference to a communication on the subject, it has to be mentioned, that the articles on the British Colonies, &c. were written partly from accurate information furnished by the printed circulars of the Canada Company, from Parliamentary papers, and from the very valuable digest by J. R. Macculloch, entitled "A Dictionary of Commerce and Commercial Navigation,"—a work which cannot be sufficiently appreciated by the mercantile classes of Britain for the extent of its statements, and which the Editor of the Journal, who proposes speedily to offer an analysis of its details, has been in many instances considerably indebted to.

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